

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,  
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,  
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time all the rest depart away:  
You *Capulet* shall goe along with me,  
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,  
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:  
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:  
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

*Moun.* Who set this auncient quarrell new abroach?  
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began:

*Ben.* Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,  
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,  
I drew to part them, in the instant came  
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,  
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,  
He swong about his head, and cur the windes,  
Who nothing hurt withall, bift him in scorne.  
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

*Wife.* O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?  
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an houre before the worship't Sun  
Peerd forth the golden window of the East,  
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,  
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamore*,  
That West-ward rooteth from this City side:  
So carely walking did I see your Sonne:  
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,  
And stole into the covert of the wood,  
I measuring his affections by my owne,  
Which then most fought, when most might not be found:  
Being one too many by my weary selfe,  
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

*Moun.* Many a morning hath he there beene seene,  
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,  
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,  
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,  
Should in the farthest East begin to draw  
The shadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,  
Away from light steales home my heauy Sonne,  
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himselfe,  
Shuts vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,  
And makes himselfe an artificiall night:  
Blacke and portendous must this humour proue,  
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remoue.

*Ben.* My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

*Moun.* I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

*Ben.* Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

*Moun.* Both by my selfe and many others Friends,  
But he his owne affections counseller,  
Is to himselfe: I will not say how true,  
But to himselfe so secret and so close,  
So farre from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,  
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.  
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,  
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Ben.* See where he comes, so please you step aside,  
He know his greuance, or be much denide.

*Moun.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

*Ben.* Good morrow Cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new strooke nine.

*Rom.* Ay me, sad houres seeme long.

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

*Rom.* Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short.

*Ben.* In loue.

*Romeo.* Out.

*Ben.* Of loue.

*Rom.* Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

*Ben.* Alas that loue so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in prooffe.

*Rom.* Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all;

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,

Mishapen Chaos of wellseeing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doeft thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No Coze, I rather weepe.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good hearts oppression.

*Rom.* Why such is loues transgression.

Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preat

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast shorne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,

Being vext, a Sea nourisht with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discrete,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

*Ben.* Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, heere's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?

*Rom.* What shall I grone and tell thee?

*Ben.* Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

*Rom.* A sick man in sadnesse makes his will:

A word ill vrg'd to one that is so ill:

In sadnesse Cozin, I do loue a woman.

*Ben.* I ay'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

*Rom.* A right good marke man, and shee's faire I loue.

*Ben.* A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well in that hit you misse, shee'l not be hit

With Cupids arrow, she hath *Diana's* wit:

And in strong prooffe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childish Bow, she liues vncharm'd.

Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th'incounter of assailing eyes.

Nor open her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chaste?

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing make huge wast:

For beauty steru'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She is too faire, too wisewi: sely too faire,  
To merit blisse by making me dispaire:  
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow  
Do I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.  
*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.  
*Rom.* O teach me how I should forget to thinke.  
*Ben.* By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,  
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,  
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:

He that is strooken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:  
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,

What doth her beauty serue but as a note,  
Where I may read who past that passing faire.  
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,

*Ben.* Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Capulet, Countie Paris, and the Clowne.*

*Capu.* *Mountague* is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,  
For men so old as wee, to keepe the peace.

*Par.* O Honourable reckoning are you both,  
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at odds so long:

But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?  
*Capu.* But saying ore what I haue said before,  
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,

Shee hath not scene the change of foueteene yeares,  
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,  
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

*Par.* Younger then shee, are happy mothers made.

*Capu.* And too soone mar'd are those so early made:  
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but shee,

Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:  
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part,  
And shee agree, within her scope of choise,  
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:

This night I hold an old accusom'd Feast,  
Whereeto I haue inuited many a Guest,

Such as I loue, and you among the store,  
One more, most welcome makes my number more:

At my poore house, looke to behold this night,  
Earth-treading stars, that make darke heauen light,

Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,  
When well apparel'd Aprill on the heele

Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight  
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night

Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:  
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Which one more view, of many, mine being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckning none.

Come, goe with mee: goe sirrah trudge about,  
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,

Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

*Ser.* Find them out whose names are written. Heere it  
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his

Yard, and the Tayler with his Nets. But I am sent to  
find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find

what names the writing person hath here writ, (I must to  
the learned) in good time.

*Enter Benuolio, and Romeo.*

*Ben.* Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,  
One paine is lefend by anothers anguish:

Turne giddy  
One despaire  
Take thou  
And the ran

*Rom.* Y  
*Ben.* For  
*Rom.* For  
*Ben.* W  
*Rom.* Ne  
Shut vp in  
Whipt and

*Ser.* Go  
*Rom.* In  
*Ser.* Per  
But I pray  
*Rom.* I,  
*Ser.* Ye  
*Rom.* St

*Ser.* Vp  
*Rom.* W  
*Ser.* To  
*Rom.* W  
*Ser.* My  
*Rom.* In  
*Ser.* Ne  
the great r  
*Mountague*  
you marry.

*Ben.* A  
Supps the fa  
With all th  
Go thither  
Compare h  
And I will  
*Rom.* V  
Maintaine  
And these  
Transparen  
One fairer  
Nere saw h  
*Ben.* T  
Herselfe p  
But in that  
Your Lady  
That I will  
And she sh  
*Rom.* I  
But to reio

*Wife.* N  
*Nurse.*  
I bad her c  
Where's th  
*Juliet.*  
*Nur.* Y  
*Juliet.*  
*Wife.* T